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WHAT SHE SAYS:

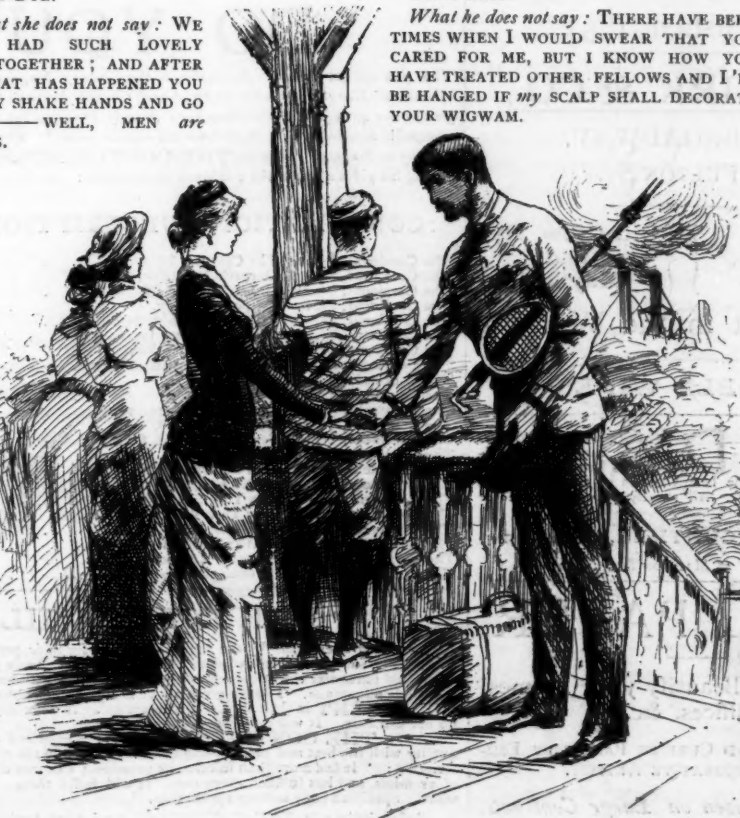
GOOD-BYE.

What she does not say: WE HAVE HAD SUCH LOVELY TIMES TOGETHER; AND AFTER ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED YOU CALMLY SHAKE HANDS AND GO AS IF—WELL, MEN ARE BRUTES.

WHAT HE SAYS:

GOOD-BYE.

What he does not say: THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES WHEN I WOULD SWEAR THAT YOU CARED FOR ME, BUT I KNOW HOW YOU HAVE TREATED OTHER FELLOWS AND I'LL BE HANGED IF MY SCALP SHALL DECORATE YOUR WIGWAM.



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VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1883. NO. 39.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

DR. MARY WALKER says she will go on the Greely Relief Expedition. It can be seen from this that Lieut. Greely is really in great danger.

MR. HENRY IRVING has already produced an impression upon American citizens, judging by recent words of our esteemed contemporary, the *N. Y. World*, which says that in "Hamlet" he looks as "solemn as a mule in a snow-storm."

"I NOTICE it is reported that galvanic action caused the Riverdale explosion. I do not believe it. I have tried galvanism and it won't work."—S. J. T.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, has always modestly undervalued its worth to the reading public, but the red-letter day of its self-depreciation was reached last Tuesday when it sold itself for 2 cents, notwithstanding that intelligent persons would rather pay 10 cents than go without it. Formerly a man with 4 cents in his pocket and content in his heart could buy a *Times*. Now he can buy a *Times* for 2 cents, and keep the other 2 cents—to buy another *Times*. The 2 cent dose of news, sound doctrine and fearless criticism administered by the *Times* seems to become even better than the 4 cent bolus we knew of old—and that is saying enough.

THEY were discussing mistaken identity: "Hi was 'avin' a turn down Pell Mell one harfternoon," said Mr. Gordon Gordon, "not doing anythink, when an old gyardsman came hup hand harsked me hif Hi could n't raise 'is pension. 'Bless me 'art,' says I, 'Hi'm not hin the pension hoffice, me boy.' 'But,' says 'e, 'm' lud Juke, cawn't you give me a letter to the 'Ome Secretary? Hi was with your Grace at Waterloo.' 'But Hi'm not the Juke hof Wellington,' says Hi. But blawst me, the fellow would n't believe hit, do n't ye see?"

"Sacre bleu," said Monsieur Bienelève, "I know zat myselef. I was once in ze jardang of ze Twilleree, an' smokeen mon cigarette, wen I pass ze gar of l'Umpr-r-rer Napoleong. To my gr-r-reat constarenayshong ze gar pr-r-resent arm, and give me ze saloo. I tol ze offeasare I was no l'Umpr-r-rer, and he seem vare mooch sar-prise."

"Yes, it is very funny," said Mr. Spriggs. "Why, I was walking the other day down Broadway, and a fellow—ought have known me, too—a fellow came up and slapped me on the back, and says he, 'Why, suffering Moses! when did *you* get back?'"

THE intelligent detectives now working at Stratford have finally brought their eagle eyes to bear on a mysterious green and white sloop with a captain and crew consisting of one man. This is the most graceful way they can think of, to acknowledge that they are all at sea.

TO a man who goes to the Polar Sea with full knowledge that his expedition, if successful, can do no earthly good to the world, present or future, the intelligent press devotes columns upon columns of praise, and the government is called upon to strain its mighty arm to the utmost that he shall be brought back to the "honors" to which his foolhardiness entitles him, even at the risk of lives more precious than his. The fate of Dr. Thuillet, however, the member of the Pasteur Scientific Mission who died recently in Alexandria while studying Asiatic cholera for the benefit of millions of men, is dismissed with a two line paragraph. There is a poetic justice in this which is refreshing.

PRINCE BISMARCK has 17,000 German microscopists to aid him in discovering trichinae in American hogs. When a hog is suspected one of his chops is secretly sent to a microscopist. If the microscopist lives, the hog is sound. The system gives entire satisfaction to the Prince, on account of the frequency with which the disease is discovered.

"AN invoice of gloves three feet in length is on the way."—*N. Y. Tribune*. St. Louis girls are brightening up.

MR. TALMAGE says that the modern newspaper is "a public sewer, through which flows a great deal of matter which had best be kept under ground." When one recollects how many of Mr. Talmage's sermons have been published, this does not seem to be exaggeration.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN is now worth \$50,000. Boston genius is beginning to be appreciated.

IT is evident that there is something wrong with the masonry of the Brooklyn bridge. The grip won't work.

"MARWOOD, the English hangman just dead, never failed."—*Boston Post*. Never failed, eh? Well, perhaps he did n't, but was n't he connected with the suspension of a good many others?

WISHING.

FOUR white fingers in my hand,
Tapered, soft, and slender;
I'm to wish a ring on, and
Tell her something tender.

All my wits have gone to sleep
While she lets them linger;
What a charm it is to keep
Hold of this small finger!

Shall I tell her, doubting eyes
Looking upwards sweetly?
Cupid in their gentle guise
Captures me completely.

What's the wish? Ah, love, you know:
Needless my endeavor!
I would hold this finger so,
Wishing on forever.

F. D. S.

DISMAL.

THE three brothers, Solomon, Jacob and Joseph Benjamin, stood in their shop discussing the day's earnings.

"Und dot military goat wid golt buddons, how much, eh?" said Solomon, the eldest brother and head of the firm.

"Six tollars und a hallef," said Joseph.

"Is dot all he gif you?" exclaimed Solomon in agonized tone. "I paid sefenty-five cents for dot goat! We are ruint gompelately."

AGNUS FATUUS IN WALL STREET.

III.

Quien pregunta no yerra.

AGNUS said "Certainly," and felt that Ananias could have borne Geo. Washington's hatchet in triumph before him.

Shearum looked at the "ticker," and remarked, "Bison and East Shore looks pretty sick. Glad none of you fellers are long of it."

One of the "fellers" said with a chuckle, "I'm saved if I'd dare to go *short* of any sanctified stock on the whole angelical list. The redeemed bulls are just fixin' things to play merry Paradise, and do n't you forget it!"

Snorter entered breathless.

"How's the market?"

Snorter replied with lightning rapidity: "St. Peter's three-quarters, Patagonian a half, Pond shares five-eighths, Canada Northern a quarter, Cheyennes preferred seven-eighths, Kentucky an eighth—lending flat."

"How's money?"

"Lots offering at a quarter."

"There!" said Shearum blandly to the dazed Agnus, "you see the market's got no strength, and there's sure to be a rally as soon as the shorts try to cover."

Agnus said "Certainly; any one could see that," and sadly went up-town to wonder at the precision, clearness and open simplicity of stocks.



That evening after dinner Agnus sought "points" of old Silenus at the Club. There is no man living like unto Silenus for giving away valuable information about stocks and indeed about all profitable investments. At sixty years he is a debt-ridden pauper. He has given away so many points for making fortunes that he remains himself impecunious.

Silenus said, smoking one of Agnus' cigars the while, "Nothing, my boy, like Catskill second preferred. The Company has no debt worth mentioning, its resources are enormous, traffic returns foreshadow plainly ten per cent. dividend all around. Only road in the country Bill and Jay and Russell and I can ever talk about and all agree on. It's at twenty-six now. It will be two hundred when the crops begin to move. You're safe in buying every share you can get at under thirty!"

"Thirty what?" asked Agnus.

"Thirty nothing," replied the sage, "I said just plain thirty."

"Yes, I know you did, but I didn't quite catch your meaning," said Agnus. "Now suppose I tell the brokers to sell me a lot of this what d'ye call it at thirty, what do they do?"

Silenus, nettled, replied: "I said *buy* it at thirty or under, not *sell* it."

"Yes," answered Agnus, "but I do n't suppose it really makes any difference, does it?"

Silenus gasped.

"You see," said Agnus, in a burst of confidence, "I was down to-day looking into stocks and to-morrow I'm going to go in for a speculation; so, as every one says you always give a fellow points, I thought I'd ask your opinion. Of course I rely on my own judgment, but I would like to hear what you've got to say, you know."

Silenus glared at him and rose, saying in a voice tremulous with rage and the brandy-and-sodas of half a century,



THE EFFECTS OF TRAVEL.

Scene: Venice—A Bric-a-brac Shop.

Edith (who is admiring a bas-relief of the Last Supper): OH, MAMMA, DO COME HERE—THIS IS THE LOVELIEST TABLE D'HOTE I EVER SAW! —[Fact.]

"You rely on your *what*?"

"On my *judgment*," meekly answered Agnus.

"Judgment be ***! you infernal young ***! You have n't got the brains of an acephalus mollusk. You come to me for a point, *** your stupid ***, got it all wrong and then tell me you are going to use your own *judgment*! Come to me, *** your chuckle-headed ***, just as you'd got a *** pump for water. You'd *better* go into stocks! You're just one of those everlasting *** idiots who blunder into fortunes in Wall Street!"

"I think I will make money," answered Agnus unmoved; "lots of chaps do make money, you know."

"Oh ***!" roared Silenus, "this is too *** much!" and off he stamped, blowing off maledictions at every step.

Agnus unabashed turned to young Fitz Asinus who was smoking a cigarette at an adjacent table.

"Very violent old man, Silenus."

"Yaas," replied Fitz Asinus, "ghastly! Called me a *** dude the other night because I remarked that he never wore gaiters. Besides, his trousers are baggy, and I do n't believe his morals are good."

Agnus warmed to this youth, he was so pure and his scarf was really a marvel.

"Tell me," said Agnus, "if you were going to invest in stocks which would you do?"

Fitz Asinus said that he never did such things. He

*** We regret not having this font among our types. The manuscript is in Ancient Blasphemic.—ED. LIFE.

understood that those vulgar brutes in Wall Street smashed the hat of every fellow who went near them. In point of fact they were subsidized by the retail hat trade at a percentage on each hat destroyed. Of course a man could n't go through the street with a crushed hat. It would stain him for life.

"But," he added, "I would n't be afraid of buying Oceanic Mail. I have a cousin who travelled on one of their boats and he said the meals were really excellent. The waiters were very civil and there were lots of real charming girls on board who did n't get sick the whole way over. I would feel a confidence in Oceanic Mail because, you see, my cousin knows all about it."

"By Jove!" said Agnus, "that's a good idea; I will go in for Oceanic Mail!"

And he did so the following morning.



IV.

O hominem fortunatum!—Quint.



AQUEMIN, SHEARUM & CO.'S office was gladdened before noon by Agnus' second visit. He whispered nervously to Shearum.

"I am acting on good advice and have determined to do something in Oceanic Mail."

"All right," said Shearum, "what do you want to do?"

"Well," replied Agnus, "you probably know best, having more experience in the mere details. Suppose you do some for me?"

"Right enough,

but do you want me to buy the stock or sell it?"

"Why," chuckled Agnus, "now you are at fault! I

can't sell it, for I've been thinking it all over and I have n't got any of it, so I must buy it to operate with, you know. Of course I do n't exactly mean to teach you anything—that is, not offensively—but I fancy you know the general run of the business—that is, the mechanical part of it, better than I do; but I want to keep you straight at the start, you see, and I have n't any stock to sell even if I wanted to."

Shearum evidently was crushed, for he simply gazed at Agnus and made no reply.

"So," continued Agnus triumphantly, "perhaps you'd better buy me a nice lot of it."

Shearum inquired how many shares he wished to give an order for.

Agnus had not thought of this, but met the emergency with decision.

"How many can you buy to-day?" he asked.

Shearum thought he could buy a million if there was no limit as to quantity.

"What would they cost?" asked Agnus.

"Probably thirty odd million dollars," was the reply.

"Oh! but I have n't got so much money."—This dejectedly.

"How much do you want to invest?"

"Say twenty thousand dollars?"

"Got a cheque?"

"Here it is."

"Endorse it to us. Do you want all this margin invested?"

"Why certainly."

"No limit?"

"Yes, twenty thousand dollars."

"I mean as to price?"

"Yes—that is, no, certainly—"

* * * * *

The scene at the Stock Exchange was worth noting. Oceanic Mail led the excitement. The stock had been dull for months. Suddenly it was taken as fast as it could be offered. Excitement grew. Something was up in that stock. Eager brokers fairly shrieked their advancing bids; others caught the frenzy. Pale men in distant offices, gazing at the quotations, asked what was the cause of the neglected stock suddenly leading the market. Brokers never lack information. A good broker would rather make it himself than to be without it. Vanderbilt was buying it; Jay Gould was caught short of it; the market was oversold, and Russel Sage was covering it; heavy orders from a German syndicate had come over by cable; London bankers were going to put it up to par; it was to be amalgamated with Suez Railway and the Third Avenue Sleeping Car Co.

Agnus Fatuus, the innocent cause of the mad hubbub, was speedily told that his orders were filled and that he was the owner of seven thousand shares. He grasped Shearum's hand.

"How cheap you have got 'em!" he said to the broker. "Why it's less than three dollars apiece!"

Shearum groaned.

"We have bought them for you on margin," he explained; your purchases average about twenty-eight and a half dollars per share. If you were to pay in full for them you would have to pay us about a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars more."

Agnus fell full length on the floor—annihilated.

"Do you mean to tell me," he gasped, "that I owe you a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars already?"

"No," answered Shearum, helping him to rise, "you don't want to take up the stock, we'll carry it for you."

"Carry it where? Oh Heavens! what can I do?"

Shearum said, "You can sell it out if you wish."

"Sell it out!" shrieked Agnus.

"Sell it out! and let the man be very particular not to leave any. Let him be extremely careful not to leave any of these detestable shares about. If he can't sell them pass them off on somebody somehow. One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars! Mother of Washington!!"

"Don't be uneasy, my dear friend," said Shearum soothingly; "let's see how it turns out."

Swiftly and noiselessly the reports came in. The stocks began to decline, but sales for Agnus' account were made at the top prices of the flurry. Shearum did some figuring and said:

"Fatuus, you are in rare luck. What do you suppose you have made?"

"A confounded ass of myself," answered Agnus.

"You clear about thirty-five thousand dollars; your stock was bought at an average of about twenty-eight and a half and sold out at an average of about thirty-three and three quarters. You make about thirty-five thousand dollars."

"Do you mean it?" said Agnus.

"So much that I will give you a cheque for it as soon as the account can be made up."

"I think I will go up town," said our daring speculator; it has n't tired me at all, but I'll go home and lie down. These intricate combinations where a chap puts his whole brain-force into a speculation are really rough on the nerves. I'll look in to-morrow. I advise your being very careful, Shearum, and you'd better not operate until I come down again. These transactions want a calm head and great executive ability. Ta-ta!"



RONDEAU.

MA chère amie, I oft-times rue
That e'er I saw your eyes of blue,
So archly do they look askance;
They pierce my heart as with a lance,
And I am fain compelled to woo;

And then your lips of ruby hue,
As fresh and sweet as mountain dew,
Might well an anchorite entrance,
Ma chère amie.

I would that I could say adieu
To all my follies, and to you;
How gladly then I'd fly your glance,
And lips whose smiling makes me dance
To all your whims, and they're not few,
Ma chère amie.
WM. J. DUGGETT.

RECIPES FOR POPULAR SERMONS.

VII.

FOR A PRESBYTERIAN SERMON AT THE END OF VACATION.
A LA FIFTH AVENUE.

Text, Jer. VIII, 20. "The summer is ended and we are not saved."

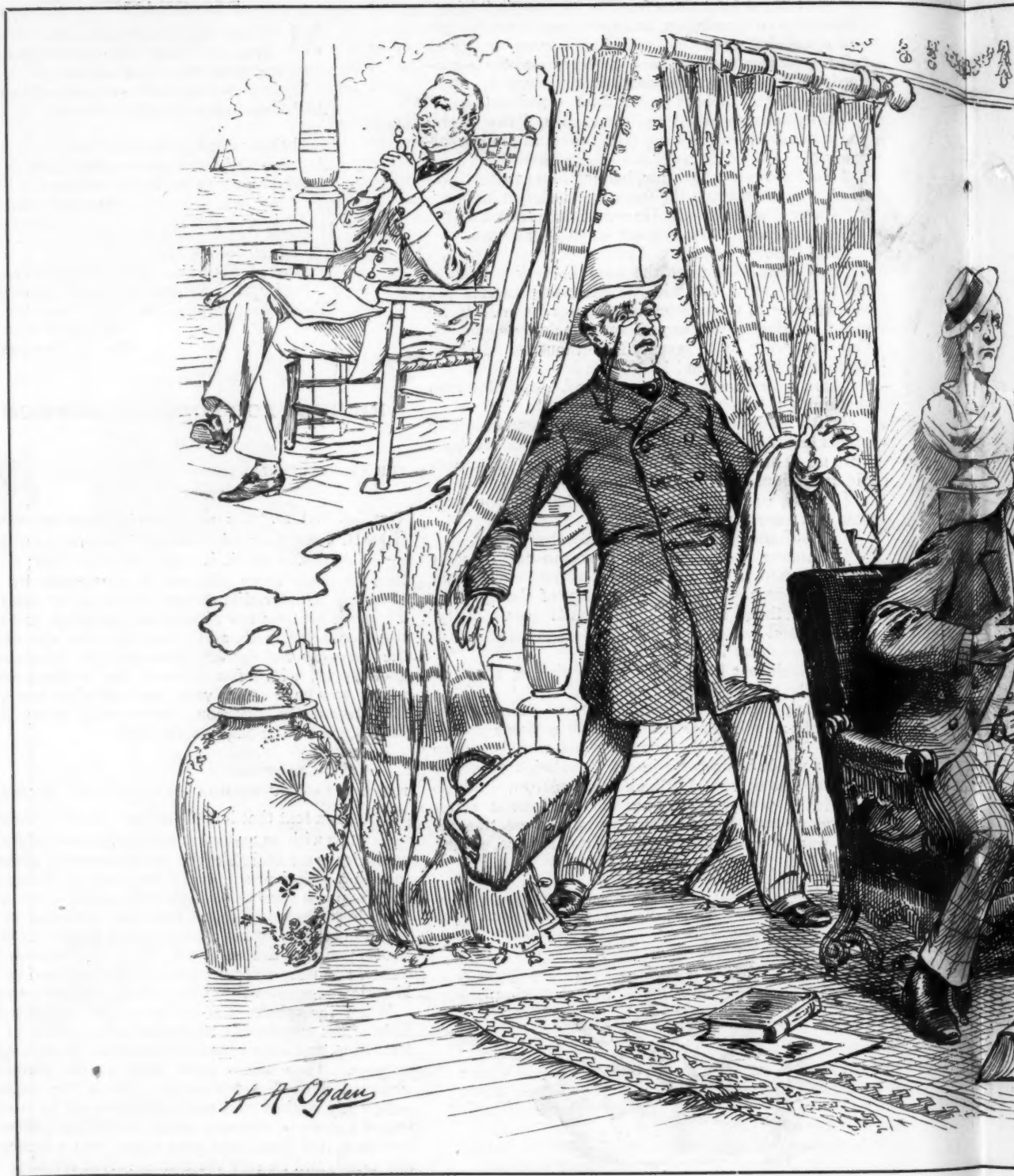
BOIL down your salvation till it begins to fall apart. Set it aside till it is quite liberally cool; it may then be made more pleasant to the guests by little glittering Universalist hopes stuck in at intervals. Then stir gently a few affectionate greetings, and when this comes to a froth, add a heaping table spoonful of the necessity for thankfulness and the incentive to good works, with a few hints of the studious way in which you have spent your own vacation and place this around the salvation. Serve with hearty handshakes around the edges of the dish.

VIII.

FOR A PATRIOTIC SERMON A LA SAINT OF PLYMOUTH.

TAKE a text that has "freedom" in it. Surround this with as many captious criticisms of foreign countries as are available (the newspapers will generally furnish a sufficient supply; if not, read up Robinson's congressional speeches). Stir this rapidly over an intense heat, throwing in, at intervals, statistics of the wheat crop, allusions to the increasing prosperity of the South, political tirades of a Civil Service Reform tendency, admiring references to the Puritans and to any historical or noteworthy characteristics of your own city.

When the whole is at boiling point, sprinkle in a little of the Revolution, about twice as much of the Rebellion, and some classical quotations in the original tongues. Then warm over some moral platitudes, seasoned with fervid rhetoric. When the whole is sufficiently cooked (this may be discovered by sticking into it a straw of common sense; if nothing adheres to the straw, it is done) heat your plates over a register of any creed, and be sure the dish is served smoking hot.



'T WAS EVER

THE CONSCIOUSNESS THAT THE FAITHFUL HANNAH HAD CHARGE OF THE HOUSE HAS ADDED M



AS EVER THUS.

AS ADDED MATERIALLY TO THE HON. ERASMUS SCHOOLCRAFT'S SERENITY OF MIND THIS SUMMER.



SONG OF THE DESERTED DAMSEL.

I AM forsaken and forlorn,
In little shreds my heart is torn;
I rue the day that I was born.
Oh, dear, oh!

From morn till eve I weep and wail,
And at my love do often rail—
He was a Sophomore from Yale!
Oh, dear, oh!

I only wish I now could find
Another youth just to my mind
As he was, and as sweet and kind.
Oh, dear, oh!

For now I have a heart to let,
Although I never can forget
The softest youth I ever met.
Oh, dear, oh!

Oh ye, who've any heart to spare,
And wish a lock of dark brown hair,
Come, quickly answer to my prayer.
Oh, come, oh!

L. D.



DR. CLOTHIERS.

HE was a superb type. No! not a type, for his equal had never before existed, nor is it likely to exist. He was evolved out of the north-winds and a Scandinavian pine-forest. The Creator projected him into the universe for the unique purpose of showing humanity what manner of creature the present halting, decrepit homo can be in the ideal. He lived on four kreutzers, twelve pretzels and three schooners a day, and between times he gave lectures and read Kant until he was pretty well steeped in Kant. Never having known any women, he naturally enough considered them mundane angels, perfection improved by a few recent patents. (N. B.—This story will—for unity's sake—not be continued past the bridal ceremony.) She was tall and deliciously undulating. She had the suppleness of the willow and the weeds of a widow. She dropped her parasol and he picked it up and presented it to her amid a blaze of light that shone from her brilliant eyes and the aureole of golden hair that covered his head. Of course a romantic incident of this kind set him on fire. A distant relative died and left him one or more millions which he almost forgot in a few days—until the possibility of using it recalled to mind its existence. Natural vanity, nudged into activity by an enterprising young American,

prompted him to cut his hair and buy some decent clothes. Thus prepared he was unadvisedly launched into the presence of his beloved. He had never moved in society, but he assumed the grace of a courtier with the natural ease of the supernatural Scandinavian, and his conversation shone with the scintillating brilliancy of all northern lights. A yachting party was projected for a sail across the Atlantic and executed. The poetry of foam blended with the loving gurgle of the caressing billows, and the lambent rays of the Harvest-moon kissed the sky-scraping top-sails as the death-knell of each departing day was sounded by the watch. Whenever the gentlemen wanted an hour's quiet they lashed themselves in the shrouds. It was so awfully jolly and natural, you know. When the shrouds became too populous the Norseman stretched himself out in the burgee. The Titianesque widow was on board. Clothiers had now known her several weeks and seen her about four hours daily. She began to think that he liked her. Late one night, leaning over the taffrail, on the lee side, about midships, he proposed to her in this novel way: He said "I love you." Her vanity was fearfully wounded and her sense of the eternal conventions was deeply outraged. That a man of god-like form, and exquisite perfection of manners, a fine mind and an exuberant bank-account should offer himself to the Empress of all the Russias (*de jure* if not *de facto*), made her hopping mad. Women usually are very angry under such circumstances. It is such an unnatural and brutal thing for a man to do. She recovered. They reached New York. Later they became acquainted with a Mr. Mellow-ham. He was of the noble and nearly extinct *ancien regime*, a very courteous old bird done up in Boston style. He thought women such fools that they could live on compliments uttered in a youthful style and on anecdotes of their interesting but defunct grandmothers. He was a brilliant talker but left no record of it. A prominent feature of his old-time courtesy was the breaking every day of more engagements than he kept. It is sad that now-a-days courtesy is at so low an ebb. But Mr. Mellow-ham had the eye of an eagle with a patent telescopic rifle-sight attachment, and no sooner did he light on Clothiers with his prescient orb than he saw destiny and heroism written (pica type) all over him. The oracle was fulfilled and the demi-god took some introductions from old Mellow-ham to the English Aristocracy and through Fitz-noodle's influence succeeded in restoring to his loved one her fortune which belonged to her. Of course the Emperor of Russia could not withstand the Trinitarian appeal of a Scandinavian hero, the English aristocracy, and justice. But we are going too fast. Before his departure from America an attorney suggested some documentary evidence touching his identity and his right to the money he had inherited. This fired the Northern blood and Clothiers fired out the attorney, Scandinavian style, *i. e.*, by the door. Birds of a feather flock together. One day a young blade told the Empress a story, quite proper, but displeasing to her, whereat she fired him out, Russian style, footman in attendance—all very natural but unpleasant for the ones fired. Change of scene.—Newport is a sad eye-sore and the summer residents are a desperate crowd, in whom inanity and vulgarity vie for supremacy, but many English visitors and some with real titles—just think of that, reader—may eventually leaven the mass—nay must! for all that is musty, must. The sad sea-waves were maundering weird, wild threnodies, and the dank, damp fog (not quite up to English fog, but passable in a crowd) was shrouding the excuses for rocks on the dull Newport shore in a veil of illusion, like tulle. These bad sea-waves had plashed fitfully on the cooings and simperings—of white girls and red—for many long centuries, but now they were to be astonished into silence, for the naïve, worldly, proud, simple, impregnable, haughty, irresistible, graceful, cold, affectionate, Empress stepped down from her throne of mighty pride and laid her head on the Clothiers' shoulder like any other woman. Later Clothiers came into another paltry £500,000, and it was darkly hinted that he even had a title or two (Scandinavian to be sure, which is of course not up to being English, but better than none) to the rhapsodic joy of a little mystery about his birth. With these handles they might possibly have squeezed into Society in England, with the aid of some all-potent Duke, and it is devoutly to be hoped that they did.

P. S. In this many-sided world the ultra possible is highly improbable and the improbable still possible.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

NEWPORT Sept. 21st, 1883.

To the Editor of LIFE.

YOU are evidently not a believer in the truth expounded by Darwin—that natural selection and the survival of the fittest influence the higher not less than the lower forms of life. You no doubt acknowledge that careful breeding and training, preserved through successive generations, evolve the race-horse or the short-horn bull of Durham, yet refuse to admit that these are factors in the production of ladies and gentlemen. Judge us by Darwin and by the *Lex Nature*. The physical body of man is absolute serf to the laws of nature—why not his mental and spiritual body? Do they not likewise partake of his inheritance? If the untried colt of *Æolus* commands a price among his fellows of unknown ancestry, why should not man, the noblest of all animals, be similarly ennobled by his pedigree?

KILL VON KULL.



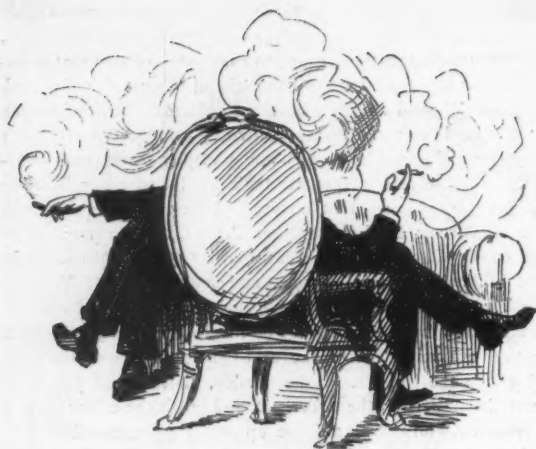
We believe, with our esteemed subscriber, that careful breeding and training, or hybridization, influence the human not less than the animal or vegetable families, and deplore that it is just this bald fact which makes trouble for our mutual friends of the First Circle. Enforced obedience to the law of Natural Selection entails the swiftness of Leamington and the carniferous or lacteal talents of the Durham dynasty to their posterity, but it can clearly be demonstrated that the method by which these barnyard aristocrats are evolved would be exceedingly painful if applied to the patrician clique of New York. There are certain phenomena observed in this ultimately gratifying process of improvement which necessitate a discriminating rule, against which, if they stopped to think, the most refined cattle and intelligent pumpkins would rebel, and which certainly would be ruinous to the peace of mind of every Knickerbocker in the State.

FARMER HIGGINS, for example, procures the most opulent squash exhibited at the Lenox International Natural Selection and Mutual Improvement Vegetable Show, and plants it in a sequestered Fifth Avenue corner of his farm, together with a

haughty and exclusive cantaloupe, whose genealogy has been traced to the first case of colic incurred by the Pilgrim Fathers. Here he expects these distinguished esculents to enjoy that seclusion so dear to the aristocrat—to swell and bloom; to enjoy each other's society and snub the beets and radishes in the adjoining lot; to spend their whole time in inviting each other to fertilizer receptions and guano luncheons and phosphate teas, and, in return, so profusely to perpetuate their kind and cover his farm with patrician produce, that he shall be exalted away over the head of Farmer Blibbs, the First Prize Carrot grower, at the next county fair. That is what Farmer Higgins does. Now what do those ungrateful squashes and cantaloupes do? Why the squashes not only spread over all their own ground, but climb the fence and invade the privacy of the lettuce and gossip about the corn and make fun of the cabbage and run over the beets and choke the life out of the parsley, flaunt their jaundiced flowers in the face of the sweet pea and insult the celery till it is ready to die, and riot on and use up and waste meanwhile more of Farmer HIGGINS' fertilizer in a week than would suffice to feed the rest of the farm a year. And the cantaloupes? Well, what the cantaloupes do *not* do, would be much nicer to tell. But they bear fruit? Oh, yes, they bear fruit—plenty of it. If they did not, Farmer HIGGINS would have rooted up the squash long ago, even were it as opulent as Mr. TILDEN'S barrel, and would have fed the cantaloupe to his swine, although its genealogy extended to the cramps of WILLIAM THE CONQUERER—so mad is he at the disregard they show for the rights of his other vegetables. Yes, they bear fruit—luxuriously. It swells, and swells, and swells, until each squash is twice as opulent as the squash that bore him, and each cantaloupe so important and haughty and exclusive that it would certainly draw the line at its own grandfather, were that eminent gourd still above ground. At last the day of ripening and reckoning arrives, and the elated HIGGINS gathers his aristocrats and carts them in triumph to the fair. Alas! The committee—inexorable judges, full of prize-melon and hay-seed philosophy and applejack—award the championship again to the hated BLIBBS, and tell the blasted HIGGINS never again to allow such vegetable intimacies on his farm, because "it spiles the mellings and Korrupts the squash." Next season the saddened but wiser HIGGINS will isolate his riotous squashes and quarantine his lofty melons so rigidly that neither can get at the other and by association "spile" and "korrupt."

Now let our esteemed subscriber take, in higher life, the similar example afforded by the dwelling together of the affluent but low-flung tribe of PUMPKYNS, and the disdainful but moth-eaten family of VAN KANTALOUPE, whose glorious ancestor, NICHOLAS KARTOFEL VAN KANTALOUPE was first suzerain-resident of Waibac, having wrested that venerable Mecca from the ruthless savages by a rough-and-tumble massacre in 1634.

Colossal fortunes are usually gathered like truffles. AURELIUS, PUMPKYNS I. begins life with a regard for other people's rights as small as the respect he entertains for himself. His nature is hard-shelled without and flabby within, like his stock in trade; but he is all maw, and when he opens his mouth he takes in a great deal. So it comes to pass that when AURELIUS sleeps with his fathers, his millions outnumber his years, and the same pass unto that son who has by most precocious bursts of meanness in early youth shown that he is best fitted of the family to guard the molluscous hoard so wearifully heaped. The clam-trade is not conducive to an æsthetic style of dress or manner, and old



Secretary Lincoln: BY THE WAY, CHANDLER, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ARCTIC NAVIGATION?

Secretary Chandler: NO, DO YOU?

Secretary Lincoln: NOT THE FIRST THING.

Secretary Chandler: THEN LET'S SEND OFF ANOTHER EXPEDITION AND GIVE THEM MORE DETAILED DIRECTIONS.

"AUREEL," as he loved to be called by his intimates, was a blunt, plodding man, who in his well-to-do prime was pronounced vulgar and in the days of his crushing moneyed power considered eccentric. These eccentric qualities, physical, mental and moral, are inherited by PUMPKYNS II., who at once, by still-dredging in Wall Street ooze, and by a system of highway robbery too vast for the nippers of the law to compass, proceeds to augment the mighty pile with a heartlessness and zeal which must make the ghost of his frugal father caper with delight.

Meantime, these forty years have wrought awful changes in the house of VAN KANTALOUPE. The suzerainty of Waibac has been lost to the heirs, through the impertinent intrusion of that vandal instrument known technically as a foreclosure. Perhaps it is because the brain power of the great NICHOLAS KARTOFEL has weakened as it filtered through his posterity, and possibly because tremendous estates are no longer procurable by a cheap outlay of bad rum and worse gunpowder, as they were in the days of the statesman of Waibac, but it is certain that the princes of the house of VAN KANTALOUPE, in order to meet the demands of the sordid rent-gatherers, and keep up the family pride, are compelled to that method of domestic economy familiar to the trade as "jumping" the tailor, "playing" the grocer and "choking off" other hardened vendors of the necessities of life.

Now in these days it comes to pass that that most careless or grossly ignorant or vicious gardener, Fate, plants together the gilded sprouts of PUMPKYNS II. and the haughty VAN KANTALOUPE suckers in that exclusive portion of our Metropolitan Garden, Murray Hill, where they cannot help but commingle and observe each other's ways. They commingle and observe—but alas! the result. PUMPKYNS VAN KANTALOUPE, one sequel to the commingling, has now only the PUMPKYNS' vulgarity without the PUMPKYNS'

power, and the spendthrift prodigality of the VAN KANTALOUPE clan, without their stupid Dutch honesty and icy virtue; while in VAN KANTALOUPE PUMPKYNS (heir-apparent), the other sequel, may be observed the once well-sustained *hauteur* of Waibac simmered down to a chronic stiff neck, combined with a grossness of fleshly indulgence which probably makes the tough old ghost of PUMPKYNS I. creep, and a reckless, wanton extravagance which must certainly make him howl.

In the above case, as our esteemed subscriber must admit, hybridization has improved neither stock from an aristocratic standpoint; for PUMPKYNS VAN KANTALOUPE can trace his pedigree only on his father's side of the house, and VAN KANTALOUPE PUMPKYNS only on his mother's, and this, as can readily be seen, makes both their families lop-sided.

It is a fallacy too often indulged in on this side of the pond that dollar-getting is an aristocratic occupation. It is not. Worse than unaristocratic, it is exceedingly bad form. Your true aristocrat lives upon his patrimony. He toils not, neither does he spin, and, as Solomon in all his glory owed neither Poole nor Smallpage, nor Bell, it is doubtful that Solomon was arrayed like one of these. Your true aristocrat, therefore, is idle. He is born in idleness and educated in idleness; he marries, dies and is buried in idleness, and he leaves an estate of idleness to the children who come after him, together with an enormous transmitted talent for doing nothing. Now, if money were like malaria, and would cling to a person in spite of his most violent endeavors to shake it off, it might be possible for the aristocrat to keep the paternal dollars, or subject them to the law of increase. But a large estate is like a large army, requiring brains to bring it together, and brains to keep it together; and, as brains are not ancestrally obtainable as easily as money, and but seldom transmitted with money, your true aristocrat's property soon shows a disposition to crawl away from his heirs, and they know neither enough to whistle it back or tie it up. By hybridization with a dollar-getter some little fresh acquisitive talent may be infused, but the result, as we have seen, is a mongrel—neither an aristocrat nor a dollar-getter, but with the worst qualities of both and the good points of none.

All this strictly agrees with the hypothesis of DARWIN and HAECKEL, according to which our mutual friends, the First Circleers, are inexorably governed. Conclusively proving this, is the fact that examples of the phenomenon of Reversion are often to be seen in American aristocrats. The apostle of Pangenesis is gloriously vindicated as we behold in our youthful LEYDENS, VAN VRIES, KARTOFELS and VAN KANTALOUPEs, the same qualities which characterized their ancestors 8,000 years ago, when the primal founder of American aristocracy swung from branch to branch of his own family tree by his tail, and the first of the dollar-getters grubbed for truffles on his own acres and account, without the impertinent restraint of a social ring through his nose.

Our esteemed subscriber will see that it is just this law of Natural Selection which kills both the Aristocrat and the Dollar-getter in time. The Aristocrat must live. To live he must have the means of subsistence. The means of subsistence, in these effete days, are brains or money. The former is an improbable property with him, as we have just seen, and the latter, in his hands, fleeth as a shadow and continueth not. His effort at Natural Selection is therefore the Dollar-getter's daughter, and the union is his destruction as an Aristocrat.

The Dollar-getter, on the other hand, must get into Society. To get into high Society he must have blood. His Natural Selection is perforce the Aristocrat, and the industrious Dollar-getter so perishes in the future luxurious First Circler.

Of course, could the law of Natural Selection be enforced in our First Circles with as harsh wisdom as in our barnyards; if, in a word, only the fittest were allowed to perpetuate the race—the result would be different. But this means Survival of the Fittest, and that means extermination of all the puny, the feeble-minded, the lazy and profligate. Surely our esteemed subscriber cannot mean to enforce the law of Natural Selection to this cruel and destructive degree. He certainly would not have only those marry who were fit to marry, and only those survive who were fit to survive? Certainly not. It would make him too sad to walk up Murray Hill and see crape on every other door.



A CASE FOR THE SOCIETY PREVENTING CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

A REVOLTING spectacle—now to be seen in Spain.

Scene during operations on the monument to John Brown (now in process of erection by Alfred Tennyson).



THERE has been a good deal of activity among the theatres during this preliminary season, and some exceptionally entertaining plays—considered as models of all that is rotten in Denmark and elsewhere—have been observed by an acutely critical and a not less acutely suffering public. You will permit me to draw the veil rather closely upon this part of the season. However, it is not necessary to veil it wholly. Our sins, it is said, teach us the worth and the charm of virtue. What the stage is not shows us very distinctly what the stage ought to be. It is, therefore, in a contrite spirit of self-study that I beg to refer to a few of the astonishing incidents which have marked out the beginning of the theatrical year. Our feelings were, need I tell you, harshly harrowed by our dear Mr. Wilde's play "Vera," which succumbed so gracefully at the Union Square Theatre several weeks ago. I am willing to confess now—for Mr. Wilde is in Europe, thank the Lord—that "Vera" was a melancholy *tour de force*—with the force left out. It was as limp as the poet himself in knee-breeches. Those who found disappointment in "Vera" turned with cheerful emotions to "Excelsior," which draws crowds to Niblo's Garden, that remarkable temple of the drama and the female leg. The female leg divine fills a very impressive part in "Excelsior," and is not half so bad as it might be. The characters in this piece, which is allegorical or symbolical or poetical or something of the sort, say all they have to say in pantomime. There is not, *à posteriori*, either slang or pigeon English in "Excelsior," unless some of the pantomime stands for either of these indispensable features of the American

Drama. "Excelsior" is, to the eye, a very beautiful thing, and its correctness as a guide to terrestrial ethics is shown in its representation of civilization, of the triumph of darkness over light, by means of the Brooklyn Bridge. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Unfortunately, the Bridge is badly painted and arranged by the Titian who is employed to manufacture scenic splendor for the Kiralfy Brothers. I should hardly be obliged to inform you that Mr. Ferguson's new play, which was seen recently at the Twenty-third St. Theatre, and which is called "A Friendly Tip," is a masterpiece in its way. Even Bartley Campbell or Fred Marsden could not write anything so intensely amusing—unconsciously amusing, of course. The best scene in "A Friendly Tip" is when the hero, a dude, falls into a dynamite machine and is blown sky-high. The spectator, at this point, blows a sigh of relief. He flatters himself that the play is ended and that the dude is in atoms, a hero of shreds and patches, floating in the ambient air. But the transparent young man in tight trousers falls to the stage and takes up the play where it was cut short. Mr. Ferguson is not a bad actor, though as much can not be said for his play. The extreme height of the preliminary season, however, was reached last Monday night, when "Yakie" was produced at the Twenty-third Street Theatre. "Yakie" is a mellifluous title for a play, and "Yakie" is the work of a "professional" humorist. I have found, oddly enough, that "professional" humorists are at times extremely unprofessional. They leave their humor at home, that is to say, when they go at their day labor. The humorist who wrote "Yakie" is Mr. C. B. Lewis, known to fame as M. Quad. He has provided, luckily, a "funny synopsis" of this play, and, as this synopsis tells the whole story, the account of the third act is borrowed from it gratefully: "Act III, is one of the grandest sets on the stage. It is Louisa's eighteenth birthday. The will is to be opened. The villain foiled. The guests made happy. Wrong righted. The lover raised to the top notch of joy, and Yakie shows a forger a trick worth two of that and an old coat to boot. There are tears, songs, dances, music, and such a happy ending that you had rather walk home than not, and you'll wonder why

this comedy was n't brought out fifty years ago." As a matter of fact, the spectator "would rather walk home than not" after the first act of M. Quad's play.

These plays are the most remarkable productions of the preliminary season, though a modest word of praise might fairly be written for Mr. Boker's tragic drama "Francesca da Rimini," in which Mr. Barrett howls vigorously at the Star Theatre.

Our ancient goddess of kicks and winks, Marie Aimée is trying hard to sing in "La Princesse des Canaries" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. There is a vast amount of humor in one of Aimée's winks, thought that lively French woman was classed some years ago with the pyramids and the Shapira manuscripts. It is useful, nevertheless, to have a reputation behind one. "La Princesse des Canaries" is a respectable opéra-bouffe, and it is also said to be inoffensive. The virgin innocence of it is revealed in the opening scene where Pédrille sings:

" Ici, plus d'une grande dame
Donne ses rendezvous d'amour,
Et vient y couronner la flamme
De quelque galant de la cœur."

By and by, Mademoiselle Pepita comes on and declares in choice *Parisienne*:

" C'est pas que j' fuis d' la pose,
Mais maman me l'a dit:
Il faut garder qué'qu' chose
Pour son futur mari."

What could be more chastely innocent than that? But is not this bad teaching in an opéra-bouffe? The libretto of "La Princesse des Canaries" is rather slow and obscure, and would, perhaps, be more spirited if it were less moral. Mademoiselle Angèle, who has returned to us with Aimée, has a handsome form, a not very pretty face, and a voice which one can hear without strain. She is a much cleverer woman than she was four years ago. But her physiognomy is distressing when she opens her mouth to sing. Aimée shines, as it were, in the portly shadow of Angèle.

Miss Morris has been writhing in "Camille" at the Third Avenue Theatre. Yet it is worth one's while to weep over Miss Morris, who happens to be a woman of genius. But "Camille"!—save us from this scourge. Let us rather turn to the frisky Wyndham Company and "Pink Dominos," at the Union Square Theatre. "The Merry Duchess," at the Standard Theatre, is full of John Bull—yet a tolerably good comic opera. We are waiting now to see Miss Davenport in "Fedora" and Henry Irving in "The Bells." Miss Davenport will be a wholesome Fidora. Mr. Irving has been introduced to you. He is a famous actor who makes strange grimaces, utters green English, and is called "genius" by some and "charlatan" by others. Of course, we shall know all about it. Meanwhile, we have Mr. Barrett, and we have, too, the illustrious Tom Keene, and we have Harrigan and the Mulligan Guards. Then there is "Prince Mathusalem" at the Casino, and the delicious wit of its choice song:

" Of all the silly rotlet
In this or time gone by,
The dudelet is the dotlet,
The dotlet on the i."

VIXEN.

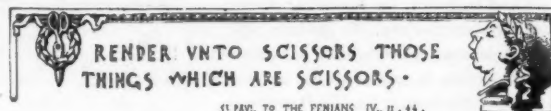
" A STUCK-UP CUSS"—the man in the moon.

" BUT yet a woman"—Dr. Mary Walker.

" A COMMON CROSS"—his X mark.

THE worse for ware—a careless servant.

OUT of sight, out of "mind"—a disobedient child.



ST. PAUL TO THE PENIANS IV., II., 44.

TO A COW.

WHY, cow, how canst thou be so satisfied!
So well content with all things here below,
So unobtrusive and so sleepy-eyed,
So meek, so lazy, and so awful slow!
Dost thou not know that everything is mixed—
That naught is as it should be on this earth,
That grievously the world needs to be fixed—
That nothing we can give has any worth,
That times are hard, that life is full of care,
Of sin and troubles and untowardness,
That love is folly, friendship but a snare?
Prit! cow, this is no time for laziness!
The cud thou chewest is not what it seems!
Get up and moo! Tear round and quit thy dreams!

Exhumed from the Sun of 1871.

YOUNG ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on his forehead.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"I'M disgusted with everything and everybody," exclaimed Brown, peevishly. "Wherever I go there is fraud."—*Boston Transcript*.

So many young woman are being abducted from St. Louis and other Southern towns that a tide of female emigration to those parts is anticipated.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

"WHY do n't you ask a blessing?" said the boarding house keeper to the boarder. He looked all over the table, and gloomily answered: "I'd like to know what for?"—*Merchant Traveler*.

"I AM speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here."—*Congressional Record*.

ON July 13th the school teachers of the state had a picnic at Glen Onoko. If while there they learned that Mauch Chunk is pronounced "Mock Chunk" and not "Much Chunk," the picnic has not been in vain.—*Philadelphia News*.

THE New York Sun's boom for Holman seems to have died a-bornin'. Holman gets smaller and smaller the more we look at him. There is n't enough of him to put away in alcohol to keep through the heat of a presidential campaign.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

A HUMORIST was once called into the Presence of the Managing Editor and Solemnly Reproved for the Dullness of his Wit. "Your jokes," quoth the Editor, "are so Bad that I am Daily Compelled to Print them in that Nondescript department entitled 'Pearls of Thought.'"—*Denver Tribune*.

"No, Joseph, the Steam Heating Company was not formed for the purpose of heating steam. Steam is heated before it is made—that is to say, when you heat the steam—no, when you make the steam—no—well, confound you, do n't you know that steam is hot, anyway, and does n't have to be heated by a company?"—*Scientific American*.

THE Princess Louise has given a picture of her own painting to the Dominion National Gallery as a memento of her residence in Canada. On account of the high social position occupied by the lady, the management of the gallery has concluded not to ask her whether the picture is intended to represent the "Death of Cromwell" or "Sunset at Sea." They will call it "A Study," and let it go at that.—*Norristown Herald*.

"AH! good morning. Going to church to morrow?" "Church! Oh, yes; I guess so. Who holds forth?" "Oh, let's see. Miss Crescendo is to sing an aria, Miss Pianissimo will warble a bit, Bravura he is to hum on the tenor side and old Andante will come in somewhere on the chorus. It will be way up." "But who preaches?" "That makes no difference. Some fellow who will touch up our transgressions mighty light."—*Not from the New York Observer*.

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